

These are the "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"

-John Jacob Niles

(Prudes Stay Out)

Richard Reuss  
Blomington, 1963.

Scansy - G Legman 11-12-63

## Bawdy Wesleyan Songs

### SAE Songs

#### The Five Days Of Hell Week

On The first day of hell week, my pleggetrainer gave to me  
A pig in the chapter room!

On the second day...(similarly)  
Two swatted pledges, ...and a pig in the chapter room  
Three pledges barfing  
Four pledges in stocks  
Our Senior hike!

#### Hell Week Song (Tune --"Funiculi Funicula")

Hell Week, Hell Week, comes but once a year  
To the actives it brings lots of cheer  
But not the pledges, not the pledges, not the pledges, cause  
they know!  
As everyone else does, that Hell Week really blows!

Kick them, beat them, throw them on' the floor  
Slug them, hit them, make them drop for more  
But all the pledges, all the pledges etc.

#### Hallelujah, Sing Brothers

The Pi Phi's have the biggest boobs  
It's very plain to see  
Instead of having milk in them  
There's beer for SAE

Chorus: I tell you, Sing brother, sing hallelujah,  
Sing brothers and let Phi Alpha ring  
Sing brothers, sing, sing, sing

When Kappa gets the urge  
She rubs the golden key  
She slaps her ass upon the ground  
And yells for SAE

Daniel in the lion's den  
As happy as could be  
He knew the lions wouldn't hurt  
A brother SAE

The Betas are building a brand new house  
Of that we're very glad  
It will be the first erection  
That a Beta ever had

A Phi Gam died the other day  
A good Phi Gam was he  
He died a natural Phi Gam death  
A case of old ID

(Phi Gamma Delta) = Fiji's \*

Ohio Wesleyan, 1960  
(ΣΑΕ)

Bawdy Wesleyan Songs  
Camp-Song  
(air: No Hiding Place Down There, (spiritual))  
(The Greek Song)

1) Oh the Betas, they wear their pink and blue  
Oh the Betas, they wear their pink and blue  
The Betas wear their pink and blue  
(In a high voice) I'm a Beta, who are you?  
No hiding place down there

\* Beta Theta Pi (♂)

2) The Sig Eps are marching one by one  
etc.  
How in the heck can you have any fun

3) The Thetas, they are a bunch of wrecks  
etc.  
Turn down the lights -- turn on the sex

4) The Pi Phis are the campus queens  
etc.  
They get their sex from magazines (or)  
Oh my God, what sex machines

\* Pi Beta Phi (?)

5) The DiGis, they are the girls with brains  
etc.  
They park with the guys in the darkest lanes

+ Delta Gamma (♀)

6) The Sig Alfs, they have the golden touch \*\* Sigma Alpha Epsilon  
etc.  
Sometimes they touch too much

7) The Thetas, they wear the golden kite  
etc.  
They say they won't but I think they might

\* Kappa Alpha Theta (♀)

8) The Sig Eps, they wear the valentine  
etc.  
But all their girls are concubines

\*\* Sigma Phi Epsilon (♂)

9) The Tri Deltas, they are tried and true ≠ ΔΔΔ (♀)  
etc.  
I tried one, why don't you?

(air: Guy Gabbing)

I'm Sorry I Pledged...

(Alpha Tau Omega ♂)

I'm sorry I pledged ATO  
I Could have done better, I know  
I hate all my brothers  
And eat all the others  
I'm sorry I pledged ATO

I'm sorry I pledged STB  
They're making a queer out of  
They're not like the others  
They sleep with their brothers  
I'm sorry I pledged SIE

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1958, Club Wesleyan, Delaware, OH., 1958  
SATURDAY, JUNE 9, " " 1960.

\* 1960  
† 1961

## Pi Phi Songs

### Pi Phi Songs

We Are The Pi Phi's... (air: We Shall Not Be Moved, union-song)

We are the Pi Phi's, Pi Phi's, are we  
We don't believe in virginity (oh horse shit)  
We don't use broomsticks, we use broom handles  
We are the Pi Phi girls. (Dr<sup>2</sup>: Notre Dame Marching Song)

And every night at twelve on the dock  
We see the watchman piss on the rock  
We like the way he handles his cock  
We are the Pi Phi girls

Ohio Wesleyan, 1958

(Other verses as in standard Glee Club song)

High Above A Pi Phi's Garter

(Cornell's "Gwyn's Water")

High above a Pi Phi's garter, far above her knee  
Stands the secret of her passion, Her virginity  
Raise her skirts on highway brothers  
Lay her on the grass  
All my life I've lived and longed for  
A piece of Pi Phi ass!

Ohio Wesleyan, 1958

Beta Song (Thee Trium Trivium; or Road to the Isle)

In the class of '53 there's a son of a gun like me  
And his father shovels horse shit all the day  
So one day when he was young, he found a diamond in the dung  
And a Beta Theta he turned out to be

Ring ching ching for Beta Theta, flush me once around the bowl  
Someone forgot to pull the chain, so forever I'll remain  
In the brotherhood of Beta Theta Pi

Ohio Wesleyan, 1958

SAE Song (Phi Gamma Sigma)

Face Men (Smoothies)

Face men of the world, unite!  
Join us in the glorious fight  
We hate Zeta, double-breasted tweeds (zits = boys with acne)  
We must eliminate all loads and seeds. (load = in about losers, e.g.,  
Arabs, bigots, Jews we are not)  
Arabs, bigots, Jews we are not  
All that matters is the money we've got  
Do not be discouraged, or let us get you down  
We are by far the coolest run-around

(seed = a hick)

WASP (Willie Angels-Saint Protectors)

of GGC, GAC, GACB, GACB, and GGB,

Nice Jeeves G.A. (guitar)

(Music: Impromptu Suite, by Bizet)  
G.G.C. Wesleyan, 1958, composed.

Party Wesleyan Songs

Pi Lam Song

(Pi Lambda Phi)

Grab Her By The Ankle (pert to air: Bell Bottom Trouser)

Grab her by the ankle, throw her on the bed  
 Wrinkle up her nightie, Kiss her pretty head  
 When she starts to whimper, when she starts to sigh  
 Show her that which is the pride  
 Of old Pi Lambda Phi

— ex Univ. Mich., Ann Arbor, 1962.

Phi Psi Song

On The Steps Of Phi Psi (Phi Kappa Psi)

On the steps of Phi Psi  
 Crying like hell  
 Lies a new born baby  
 My how that son of a bitch can yell  
 Oh who could be its father  
 Maybe it's you or I  
 It's just another bastard son  
 Of Old Phi Psi

1961

Alpha Sig Song

To Thee Lesbian (i.e. Wesleyan!)

To thee lesbian, I pledge my abortion  
 The loss of my virginity;  
 To the friends I have made,  
 And the friends who have made me  
 They'll linger in my presence  
 If I have a daughter, I'll send her to college  
 As far from this hole as can be,  
 Where Kappa Sigs woo her  
 And Alpha Sigs screw her  
 On thee Lesbian, I pee

1961

Hey La Li Lo (College air) (Bahama origin)

The Deltas they are a real fine crew, hey la li la li lo  
 They keep their pants on when they coup\*, hey la li la li lo

The Kappas have the Golden Key  
 The key to their virginity

1962

\*to make love, etc  
 and's taught, store

## Roll Your Leg Over

If all them young ladies were little white rabbits  
I'd be a hare and I'd teach them bad habits

Chorus: Roll your leg over, roll your leg over  
Roll your leg over the man in the moon

If all them young ladies were bats in a steeple  
I'd be a bat; there'd be more bats than people

If all them young ladies were sweet little kittens  
I'd be a Tom cat and make them new fittin's

If all them young ladies were cute little vixens  
I'd be a fox and I'd find them and fix 'em

If all them young ladies were bells in a tower  
I'd be a sexton and bang on the hour

If all them young ladies were B-29's  
I'd be a fighter and buzz their behinds

If all them young ladies were singing this song \*  
It'd be twice as filthy and ten times as long \*

If all them young ladies were stars in the blue  
I'd be a comet and I'd rip them in two

If all them young ladies were sheep in a pasture  
I'd be a ram and make them run faster

If all them young ladies were cows in the meadow  
I'd be a bull and give them the devil

If all them young ladies were like little chickens  
I'd be a rooster and give them the dickens

If all them young ladies were cows in the lane  
And I were a bull, my legs would be lame

If all them young ladies were birds of a feather  
I'd be a hawk; they could sleep in my heather

If all them young ladies were fossils in quarries  
And I were a geologist, they would lose all their mores

If all them young ladies were like little fishes  
I'd be a big fish and grant them their wishes

(last eight verses from the Indiana University Archives  
of College Folk Music).

Roll Your Leg Over  
(Additional Verses)

If all them young ladies were like Hansel and Gretel  
I would be Hansel and meddle with Gretel

If all them young ladies were like Margaret O'Brien  
I'd try and I'd try and I'd still be a tryin'

If all them young ladies were like white roses  
I'd be a gardener and give them doses and doses

I wish all the girls were like Aspen's ski tow  
I'd pay my two dollars and get on go

If all them young ladies were leaves on the trees  
I'd be the breeze and blow where I please

If all them young ladies were leaves on the tree  
I'd be the wind and get in for free

I hope all the girls aren't like Moitle and Toitle  
Cause even the smoothest ride makes Moitle foitle

If all them young ladies were carrots in patches  
I'd be a farmer and harvest their snatches

I wish all the girls were mares in a stable  
And I was a stallion and I was still able

If all them young ladies were strawberry sundaes  
I'd be a spoon and dip in their undies

I wish little girls were much better skiers  
Instead of beer drinkers and constant pea-ers

If all them young ladies were little toy foxes  
I'd be a boy and play with their boxes

I wish all the ladies were pieces of pie  
And I were a fork, I'd fork till I die

If all them young ladies were tulips in Holland  
And I were a bee, I'd give them my pollen

We laugh and we sing and we joke all about it  
It's only because we are doing without it

Roll Your Leg Over  
(Additional Verses)

If all them young ladies were cars on the highway  
I'd strip them and shift them and drive (drag) them down my way

If all them young ladies were Michigan crews  
I'd be the skipper and fill them with booze

If all them young ladies were Lillian Russell  
And I had the muscle, I'd rustle her bustle

If all them young ladies were Hedy Lamarr  
It'd be twice the expense but they'd go twice as far

If all them young ladies were Gypsy Rose Lee  
I'd be a G-string and think what I'd see!

If all them young ladies lived down on the corals  
I'd be Van Johnson, they'd lose all their morals

If all them young ladies were cars on the highway  
I'd be a sign and direct them down my way

If all them young ladies were ties on a railway  
I'd be a foreman and lay them the right way

If all them young ladies were like stew in a pot  
I'd be a fire and I'd get them all hot

If all them young ladies were like geese and gander  
I'd be a goose and goose them for damn sure

If all them young ladies were little red shanties  
I'd be a fisherman and shack 'in their panties \*

If all them young ladies were blades of green grass  
I'd be a lawnmower and gets lots of ass

If all them young ladies were like grass in the valley  
And I were the wind, I would blow up their alley

I wish all them young ladies were little green turtles  
And I were a snake, I'd crawl in their girdles

If all them young ladies were fish in the river  
I'd be a mackerel and tickle their liver

If all them young ladies were cute little foxes  
I'd be a hunter and shoot up their boxes

(All verses on this page from the Indiana University  
Archives of College Folk Music) 3, 1963

(\* revised)

Roll Your Leg Over  
(Additional Verses)

If all them young ladies were up for improvement  
I'd give them some help with a ball bearing movement

If all them young ladies were fresh eggs in the nest  
I'd break them all open and see which was best

If all them young ladies were wheels on a car  
I'd be a piston and go twice as far

If all them young ladies were diamonds and rubies  
I'd be a jeweler and I'd polish (shine up) their boobies

If all them young ladies were bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style

If all them young ladies were mares in a stable  
I'd be a groom mounting all I was able

If all them young ladies were little blind moles  
I'd find their barrows and fill all their holes

If all them young ladies were fish in a pool  
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool

If all them young ladies were statues like Venus  
I'd chase all the girls with a petrified penis

If all them young ladies were cute cocktail glasses  
I'd be a straw a tickling their asses

If all them young ladies were fish in the ocean  
I'd be a shark and I'd show them the motion

If all them young ladies were sweet little flowers (Ohio Wesleyan)  
I'd be a bee and suck them for hours 1958

If all them young ladies were wood on a door  
I'd be a salesman and I'd knock them for sure

If all them young ladies wore a tiny bikini \*  
I'd walk around with a three foot bodini\* [† penis]

If all them young ladies were flowers in China  
I'd be a bee and sting their vagina

If all them young ladies were trees in a forest  
I'd be an axe and split their clitoris

I wish them young ladies was like toy balloons  
I'd stick in my pin and make them go "boom"

I wish them young ladies were doughnuts and rolls  
I'd be a baker and punch out their holes

Various sources, mostly college, 1973-63  
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Roll Your Leg Over  
(Additional Verses)

If all them young ladies were ships on the sea  
I'd be a sub and torpedo their Vee

If all them young ladies were telephone poles  
I'd be a squirrel and put nuts in their holes

If I were a poet and doin' some rhymin'  
I'd use my prick for a pen and write on their hymen

If all them young ladies were good cans of beer  
I'd open them up and they'd bring lots of cheer

I wish them young ladies were like girls down in Sydney  
And I was a G.I., I'd show them what's in me

If all them young ladies were like salt in a shaker  
And I were the pepper, I surely would make her

If all them young ladies were bread on the shelf  
And I were a baker, I'd bake them myself

I wish little girls were like sweet Aphrodites  
And I was old Zeus, I'd lift all their nighties

I wish them young ladies were little red squirrelies  
And I were a gray one, I'd take their whirlies

If all them young ladies were good jars of jelly †  
I'd be a label and stick to their bellies

If all them young ladies were bullets of lead  
I'd use my rifle and bang till I'm dead

If all them young ladies were like wine in a glass  
I'd get so drunk that I'd fall on my ass

If all them young ladies were moles in the grasses  
And I were a mole I'd smell the molasses

If all them young ladies were solutions to find  
And I were a frosh I'd plug and I'd gring (verse from Cal. Tech)

I wish them young ladies was  $2x / 2t$   
Then I would integrate them  $\Delta - \mu c$  (verse from Cal Tech)

If all them young ladies were wrecks on the shoals  
I'd be a shipwright and plug up their holes

If all them young ladies were vessels of clay  
I'd be the potter and make them all day

If all them young ladies were birds in the trees  
And I were the wind I would stir up a breeze

Roll Your Leg Over  
(Additional Verses)

If all them young ladies were gigantic whales  
I'd be a barnacle and set on their tails

If all them young ladies were walking on ice  
And I were a fish wouldn't that be nice

Inkling? 1963

Additional Verses And Variants to "Four Nights Drunk"

It's nothing but a pisspot my ~~Granny~~ gave to me...  
Well I travelled this wide world over... etc.  
But a J.B. Stetson pisspot, I've never seen before \*

I came home the next night, so drunk I could not see  
I spied a pole in my wife's hole, where my pole ought to be  
etc.

It's nothing but a rolling pin my Granny gave to me  
Well I've travelled this wide world over, 10,000 miles or more  
But a rolling pin with balls on it, I never did see before \*

I came home the next night, so drunk I could not see  
I spied a body in the bed, where myself should have been  
etc.

What's this body doing in the bed, where myself ought to be  
etc. It's nothing but a hound dog my mother gave to me!  
Well I travelled this wide world over, 10,000 miles or more  
But a hound with circumcision, I never did see before

(verse by Jack Ingle) [prob. original]

\* sung by Joe Hickerson

Bloomington, Indiana, 1962

The E-Ri-E Canal  
(Additional Verses)

The cook she was a daisy  
With lots of love to spare  
A bosom like a boxcar  
And enough for all to share

Well by Syracuse we saw some broads  
A running from the storm  
We took them all to bed with us  
And there we kept them warm

When we staggered back on deck  
The Captain lost his mind  
We missed the slack at Buffalo  
We'd left it far behind

Now the girls are all in Police Gazette  
The Captain is in jail  
And I am the only SOB  
Who's left to tell the tale

[ex Brand rec'dg]

Last Night I Stayed Up Late...  
(Tune - "Funiculi Funicula")

Last night I stayed up late to Masturbate  
It felt so good, I knew it would  
Last night I stayed up late to Masturbate  
It felt so nice, I did it twice

You should see me on the long strokes  
It feels so neat, I use my feet  
You should see me on the short strokes  
It feels so grand, I use my hand

Slap it, beat it, twirl it on the floor  
Squeeze it, rub it, do it again some more . . .  
(repeat first verse?) [to replace missing stanza]

Ohio Wesleyan  
Delaware, Ohio, 1960

## Winnepeg Whore

My first trip up the Chippewa River,  
My first trip to the Canadian shore;  
There I met a young Miss O'Flanagan  
Commonly known as the Winnipeg whore!  
Commonly known as the Winnipeg whore!

Then she said to me "I think I know you"  
As she sat upon my knee.  
"How about a little loving,  
Dollar and a half is the usual fee;  
Dollar and a half is the usual fee."

Then she took me gently by the arm;  
I didn't know what she was about  
Till I missed my watch and my wallet.  
"Holy Moley," I cried out.  
"Holy Moley," I cried out.

Then out came the whores, the sons of the bitches,  
Out to the tune of forty or more.  
I left my coat, my shirt and my britches,  
And I went a-hightailing out of that door.  
I went a-hightailing out of that door.

In Winnipeg I learned my lesson --  
Learned it well 'cause I learned it there.  
If you want to visit a Winnipeg whore, boys,  
Better make sure that you visit her bare.  
Better make sure that you visit her bare.

Marilyn Todd (Hagen), Ohio Wesleyan  
University, October, 1958  
Dick Reuss, Ohio Wesleyan University  
collector

## (or A girl's experience picking Blackberries)

While hugging and kissing  
in the Blackberry Patch  
Dick offered a quarter  
to feel my snatch.

Dick keep your quarter,  
I don't want to steal.  
As for my pussy  
your welcome to feel.

He pulled up my dress  
and my panties let fall.  
I stood there like Venus,  
The fairest of all.

On my plump little body  
whiter than snow,  
the thick hair curled  
in the valley below.

He felt my ass  
and petted my thighs.  
While spread wide apart,  
I was proud of their size.

While his hand pressed between them,  
I started to piss.  
Gosh! What a wonderful  
feeling of bliss.

His fingers lay curled  
on my pussy's soft hair.  
I wished that forever  
his hand could stay there.

I opened his fly  
and pulled out his cock.  
It was pounding and throbbing  
as hard as a rock.  
*(at it came as a shock)*

His cock felt so hot  
and my pussy did too,  
So I knew in a moment  
we were going to screw.

He laid me down  
in the pretty green grass,  
with his head on my knobs  
and his hand on my ass.

He just kept jolting  
away in his haste  
And I threw both my legs  
tight around his waist.

Over my breasts his kisses  
fell harder than rain

His prick broke my hole  
and it felt so good,  
that he knew right away  
that I had never been screwed.

What a glorious feeling,  
when he opened my slit.  
I thought for a minute,  
I was going to shit.

How can I shit?  
Lying on the ground, so  
With my cunt stretched tight,  
That my asshole was nowhere to be found.

His balls were as large  
as the eggs of a duck.  
They did their part well,  
as we started to fuck.

His ass was up first  
and then it was down,  
But I kept mine going  
round and round.

My pussy was filled  
with cock to the hilt.  
The harder he pushed  
the better it felt.

I let myself go,  
and fainted away.  
I don't know how long  
I was out till this day.

When I awoke  
from what seemed like a dream,  
from the crack of my cunt  
flowed a river of cream.

The hot stream ran  
thick and fast.  
I knew I was getting  
my first piece of ass.

Dick's cock withdrew  
with a low hanging head.  
as if it were ashamed  
for bursting my wet.

You may say this is naughty  
But say what you may  
I'd go to the patch  
with you any day.

(high school)  
— Valley Stream, L.I., N.Y.

1956

(from a typed text)

And I knew in a moment additional drama,  
someplace (?) 1958.  
I hadn't done it in vain.

Seven Old Ladies  
(Extra Verses)

The second old lady was quite a sot  
Charlie the financier's daughter, Dot  
She was so stinkin' she missed the pot  
And nobody knew she was there

The fifth old lady was Abigail Doyle  
Who hadn't been living according to Hoyle  
She was relieved to find it was only a boil  
And nobody knew she was there

The sixth old lady was Charlotta Yancey  
She thought she felt something tickling her fancy  
She found it was only ~~the~~ in her pantsies  
And nobody knew she was there

The last old lady was Laura Strogh  
Her sexual desire had been lying low  
Instead of coming she decided to go  
And nobody knew she was there

The next old maid was Salty McSladder  
She came in because of her bladder  
But when she was in she was wiser but sadder  
And nobody knew she was there

The fourth old maid was Betty Valier  
She came in to adjust her brassiere  
It seems the thing had slipped round to the rear  
And nobody knew she was there

The fifth old maid was Evelyn Schuster  
She came in cause some wolf had seduced her  
But it was only a bump in the mattress that goosed her  
And nobody knew she was there

The sixth old maid was Emily Mertle  
She came in to straighten her girdle  
She pulled and she tugged but it wouldn't fit Mertle  
And nobody knew she was there

The seventh old maid was old Minnie Brown  
Everyone snickered when Minnie sat down  
Cause when she did she sure went to town  
And nobody knew she was there

The fifth old lady was Elizabeth Bloomer  
She went in to see what was wrong with her bloomers  
She wished she'd got there a little bit sooner  
And nobody knew she was there

The sixth old lady was Elizabeth Gensberg  
Who went in to get rid of a digested hamburg  
The other old ladies a splash and a flush heard  
And nobody knew she was there

(cont'd)

Seven Old Ladies - 4 -

The eighth old lady was old lady Hemingway  
Who tripped and fell down as she ran and yelled "gangway"  
She got up, said she wouldn't have made it there anyway  
And nobody knew she was there \*

The first to go in was old Mrs. Finn  
Who prided herself on being so thin  
But when she sat down the poor dear fell in  
And nobody knew she was there

The third to go was old Mrs. Murray  
She had to go in a hell of a hurry  
When she got there it was too late to worry  
And nobody knew she was there

The fourth to go was old Mrs. Sickle  
She hurdled the door cause she hadn't a nickle  
Caught her foot in the bowl, what a hell of a pickle  
And nobody knew she was there

The last to go was old Mrs. Brewster  
Her eyesight isn't as good as it used to be  
She sat on the handle and swore someone goosed her  
And nobody knew she was there

The eighth old lady, Elizabeth O'Toole  
She stopped in the john on her way home from night school  
But to her surprise she got stuck on the steel  
And nobody knew she was there

The ninth old lady was Elizabeth Brian  
She'd been there for hours and now she was cryin'  
But nevertheless she kept tryin' and tryin'  
And nobody knew she was there

The tenth old lady, Elizabeth Peters  
She stepped in the john so no one would see her  
And while she was there, adjusted her cheaters  
And nobody knew she was there

The eleventh old lady was Elizabeth Draper  
She found that the john was all out of paper  
She sat there in hopes that someone would save her  
And nobody knew she was there

The janitor came in on Saturday morning  
He unlocked the chamber without any warning  
He completely collapsed when they all came out swarming  
At last somebody knew they were there

-verses from the Indiana University Archives of College  
Songs save for the first verse on this page.

\* from record (or record-netter) signed  
by AOFM, men's mags, c. 1963

National Enbalming School

We live for you, we die for you,

National Enbalming School.

We do our best to give you rest,

National Enbalming School.

We build a coffin out of tin

And dig a hole to put you in.

We live for you, we die for you,

National Enbalming School.

Post-Mortem, post-mortem, post-mortem,

Autopsy we must have.

Post-mortem, post-mortem, post-mortem,

Autopsy we must have.

Cut, slice, slash, the corpse for we must have a reason,

Gads, how the body smells, it must be out of season.

Connie Rolfe, Kalamazoo, Michigan  
September, 1953.

Dorothy Shepard, Charlotte,  
Michigan, collector

Tune: "Tannenbaum"

To thee we sing, to thee we drool,  
National Enbalming School.

We stuff the corpse, we stuff the ghoul,  
National Enbalming School.

If you feel hollow deep inside  
We fill you with formaldehyde.

Our boys get hot ere you get cool,  
National Enbalming School.

National Enbalming School, Death  
Valley

Printed by Sing Out!, Volume 7,  
No. 1 (Spring, 1957), p. 21.

### The Twelve Days Of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
A hand job in a pear tree

On the second day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Two brass balls  
And a hand job in a pear tree  
(Similarly)  
(Similarly):  
Three French ticklers  
Four Nuns humping  
Five Niggers hunching

### The Coolness Song

Cool as the fish in the bottom of the pool  
Cool as the knob on an Eskimo's tool  
Cool as the dew on a blade of grass  
Cool as the ring around a polar bear's ass

Cool as the nuts on an Arctic squirrel  
Cool as the boobs on an Eskimo girl  
Cool as a bucket of penguin piss  
Have you ever seen anything as cool as this?

Indiana Univ., Bloomington,

-above <sup>2</sup> songs from Delta Chi Fraternity, 1962.

### School Days

School days, school days  
Poker, crap and pool days  
Necking and petting and how to be fast  
Taught to the tune of a whiskey flask  
You were my beau in BVD's  
I was your queen in pink chemise  
You wrote on my slate "you're too damn slow"  
'Cause we have a couple of kids"

-from the IU college folksong archives,

2/1963

### Down In The Subway

Down in the subway  
Way under the ground  
A little black porter  
Goes putting around;  
Cleans out the basins  
And he washes the towels  
And he works to the rhythm  
Of the movement of the bowels  
I got those shit house blues

### Casey...

Casey was hit by a bucket of shit  
And the band played on  
He waltzed round the floor with a thirty cent whore  
And the band played on  
His balls were so loaded they nearly exploded  
The poor girl did shake with alarm  
He married the bitch with the crotch like a ditch  
And the band played on

### Days Of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
A douche bag in a pear tree;  
Two purple tits  
Three maidens laying  
Four fuckers fucking  
Five pubic hairs...

(Songs from the Indiana University Archives of College Folk Music, c. 1963)

[SICK]  
Nursery Rhymes (revised)

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
Each one had a quarter  
Jill came down with fifty cents  
They didn't go for water

Old mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone  
But when she bent over  
Rover took over  
And she got bred instead

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall  
All the king's horses  
And all the king's men  
Shit!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary  
How does your garden grow  
With silver bells and cockle shells  
And the rest all fucked with weeds

Ding Dong Dell, Pussy in the well  
Hey what the hell  
Is a good piece of ass  
Doing in the well

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey  
Along came a spider and sat down  
beside her  
And bit her in the cunt

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Eating his sister

Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater  
Had a wife and couldn't

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick  
Jack jumped over the candle stick  
Great balls of fire!

Old King Cole  
Was a merry old pimp

Hickory Dickory dock  
Two mice ran up the clock  
The clock struck one  
And the other escaped with minor injuries

Mary had a little lamb  
Boy the doctor was faked out

There was an old woman \*  
Who lived in a shoe  
She had so many children  
Her uterus fell out!

(High school)  
Long Island, L.I., N.Y. 1953.  
(What Wesleyan? 1953.)  
Galloway, Ohio

## Limericks

There once was a maid from Wheeling  
Who had a most wonderful feeling.  
She laid on her back and tickled her crack,  
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There once was a man from Adair,  
Who was screwing a maid on the stair.  
The banister broke, but he doubled his stroke  
And finished her off in mid-air.

There was an old hermit named Dave,  
Who dragged a dead whore to his cave.  
She had only one tit, and stunk like shit,  
But think of the money Dave saved.

There once was a boy in our class,  
Whose balls were made out of brass.  
He clanged them together and played "Stormy Weather,"  
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a young man from Leeds,  
Who swallowed a package of seeds.  
Great tufts of grass grew out of his ass  
And his balls were covered with weeds.

There once was a sailor named Dean,  
Who invented a jackoff machine.  
Both concave and convex, it would soothe either sex,  
But oh what a bastard to clean!

There once was a man from Nantucket,  
Whose prong was so long he could suck it.  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin,  
"If my ear were a cunt, I would fuck it."

There once was a man from Kent,  
Whose prong was extremely bent.  
To avoid any trouble he stuck it in double,  
And instead of coming he went.

There was a young maid from Bermuder,  
Who wed a young man named McGruder.  
She thought it so crude to be wooed in the nude,  
But McGruder was cruder and screwed her.

There was a young maid from Madras,  
Who had a most beautiful ass.  
Not round and pink as you might think,  
But was tall, had long ears and ate grass.

(Cont'd)

There once was a woman from Detroit  
Who at fucking was most adroit.  
She could contract her vagina to a pinpoint or finer,  
Or blow it out full like a quoit.

There was a young lady from Charlotte  
Who lived on tee jam and snot.  
She slipped on some shit, broke open her tit,  
And crabs crawled out of her twat.

There once was a boy from Flat Rock  
Who played a bass viol with his cock.  
With a tremendous erection he would play a selection  
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from France  
Who jumped on the train by chance.  
The engineer fucked her as did the conductor,  
While the brakeman came in his pants.

There once was a young lady from the Azores  
Whose cunt was all covered with sores.  
The dogs on the street used to eat the green meat  
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young lady named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.  
They found her vagina in North Carolina  
And half of her hymen in Dallas.

From a text submitted by John  
R. Little, Pontiac, Michigan  
and Charles W. Crandall,  
Birmingham, Michigan, n.d.

There was a young man from Green Bay  
Who was laying his girl in a sleigh,  
The air was so frigid it froze his cock rigid,  
And all he could shoot was frappe

Titian was mixing rose matter,  
While his model sat on a ladder.  
Her position to Titian suggested coition,  
So he climbed up the ladder and had 'er.

There was a young man named McGhee  
Who was laying his girl by the sea.  
She said "Let's start running, I think someone's coming."  
He said "Don't be silly. That's me."

### Chorus #1

That was a very fine rhyme,  
Sing me another verse some other time.  
Sing me another verse, just like the other verse;  
Sing me another verse now.

### Chorus #2

Aye aye aye aye, in China they do it for Chili;  
So sing me another verse, worse than the other verse,  
Waltz me around again, Willy.

Collected from Ralph Lueders,  
Chicago, Illinois; David S.  
Mabey, Indianapolis, Indiana;  
and John W. Bodzek, Evansville,  
Indiana, November, 1961.  
William Banta, Portland, Indiana,  
collector

There was a young lady from Cape Cod  
Who thought all children came from God.  
But it wasn't the almighty who lifted her nightie,  
But Roger the lodger, by God.

There was a young lady from Gaul  
Who went to a newspaper ball.  
Her dress caught on fire and burnt her attire,  
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young couple named Kelly  
Who woke up sleeping belly to belly.  
Because in their haste they used library paste  
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young man from the interior  
Whose morals were quite inferior.  
He did to a nun what he shouldn't have done  
And now she's a mother superior.

There once was a monk from Siberia  
Whose life grew wearier and wearier.  
He shot from his cell with a hell of a yell.  
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

There was a young man from Lapeer  
Who got drunk on a bottle of beer.  
He fell in a ditch, the poor son of a bitch,  
And a bull dog pissed in his ear.

There once was a lady named Stole  
Who was exceedingly drole.  
She went to a ball dressed in nothing at all,  
And backed in as a parker house roll.

There once was a man from Nantucket  
Who went to hell in a bucket.  
When he got there they asked for his fare,  
So he whipped out his dick and said "Suck it!"

There once was a man from Seattle  
Who had screwed a lot of cattle.  
His balls hung so low he tied them in a bow  
And swung them over his saddle.

There once was a lady from St. Paul  
Who went to a birth control ball.  
She bought all devices at fabulous prices,  
But nobody asked her at all.

There once was a coed from State  
Who had a desire to mate  
When her skirt would flutter the boys, they would shudder;  
She had not a box but a crate.

There once was a boy from Lagoon  
Whose parents just couldn't commune.  
He had not the luck to be born of a fuck,  
But a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

There once was a man from Kent  
Who gave up masturbation for lent.  
His hand never played till the Easter parade  
And millions were drowned when he went.

There once was a man from the Ritz  
Who planted ten acres of tits.  
They came up in the fall, red nipples and all,  
And he knelt down and gnawed them to bits.

There once was a fellow from Boston  
Who drove around in an Austin  
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas,  
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a magician named Rowis  
Who performed at beat music halls;  
His favorite trick was to spin on his prick,  
And roll off the stage on his balls.

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a Clint out of clay.  
The heat from his prick turned clay into brick,  
And wore all his foreskin away.

From a text from Dick Long, MSU, Fall  
1954.  
Robert Ward, Pontiac, Michigan,  
collector

There was a young lady from Brewster  
Who dreamt that a man had seduced her.  
But when she awoke 'twas all a big joke,  
'Twas a bump in the mattress that goosed her.

From a text from Christine Bicking,  
Farmington, Michigan, 1944  
Janet McFarlane, Detroit, Michigan,  
collector

There was an old couple from Sayville  
Whose habits were quite mediæval;  
They would strip to the skin, then each take a pin  
And pick lint from the other one's navel.

From a text from John C. Livengood,  
South Bend, Indiana, collected  
while at MSU, 1951-56.

There was a young man from Sparta,  
Who was a prodigious farter.  
He could fart anything from "God Save the King"  
To Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

From a text from George Abraham,  
Detroit, Michigan, 1945

There was a girl from Norway  
Who hung by her heels from the doorway.  
She shouted with glee, "Oh, come look at me...  
I think I've discovered one more way."

From a text from John Osborne, Lansing  
Michigan, November 14, 1954  
Tom McDonald, Burbank, California,  
collector

### Additional Limericks

There was a girl from New York  
Who soon was expecting the stork.  
So with utmost precaution she performed an abortion  
With two tablespoons and a fork.

There was an old lady from Spain,  
Who said she would do it again,  
And again and again, and again and again,  
And again and again and again.

There once was a girl from Thrace  
Whose corset was quite hard to lace.  
Her mother said "Nelly, there's more in your belly  
Than ever went in through your face."

There was a young man from Calcutta,  
Who lay beating his meat in the gutter.  
But out came the sun and ruined all his fun  
'Cause it changed all his cream to butter.

There was a young lady so handsome  
Who used to make love in a transom.  
When she hollered for more, came a voice from the floor,  
"My name is Simpson, not Sampson."

There was a young lady named Gloria,  
Who was had by Sir Gerald du Maurier.  
And then by six men, Sir Gerald again,  
And the band at the Waldorf-Astoria.

A young lad with passions quite gingery,  
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie.  
He pinched her behind, then made up his mind  
To add incest to insult to injury.

A broken down harlot named Tupps  
Was heard to confess in her cups  
"The height of my folly was wooing a collie,  
But I got a nice price for the pups."

There was a young lady of Exeter,  
So pretty that men craned their necks at her.  
One was even so brave as to take out and wave  
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

An oversexed lady named White  
Insists on a dozen a night.  
A fellow named Cheddar had the brashness to wed her;  
His chance of survival is slight.

Said a pretty young student from Smith  
Whose virtue was largely a myth,  
"Try as hard as I can, I can't find a man  
Who it's fun to be virtuous with."

There was a young girl from Knizes,  
With breasts of two different sizes.  
One was so small it was nothing at all,  
But the other was large and won prizes.

One night a girl had an affair  
With a fellow all covered with hair.  
Then she picked up his hat and realized that  
She'd been had by Smokey the Bear.

There was a young maiden from Siam,  
Who said to her lover, young Khayyam,  
"To seduce me, of course, you will have to use force,  
Thank goodness you're stronger than I am."

There was a young girl who begat  
Three babies named Nat, Pat and Tat.  
It was fun in the breeding but hell in the feeding,  
When she found there was no tit for tat.

A pretty young maiden from France  
Decided she'd just "take a chance."  
She let herself go for an hour or so,  
And now all her sisters are sunts.

There was a young man named McFavish  
An anthropoid he decided to ravish.  
But in the heat of the rape he got the wrong ape,  
And the anthropoid ravished McFavish.

There was a young man from St. Paul  
Who attended a masquerade ball.  
Just as a stunt he went dressed as a cunt  
And got laid by a dog in the hall.

There was a queer from Rangoon  
Who took a lesbian up to his room.  
They argued all night about who had the right  
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

There was a pirate named Bates  
Who did a fandangle on skates,  
Till he fell on his cutlass, which rendered him nutless,  
And practically useless on dates.

Xenia B. Blom, Lakewood, Ohio,  
January 12, 1961. This was  
taken from a text mimeographed  
up by the Ohio State University  
Sailing Club.

There was a young maiden of Chester,  
Who said as her boyfriend caressed her.  
"I think you'll find, Georg, you'd best enter the rear,  
For the front one's beginning to fester."

There was an old man of Dundee  
Who burgered an ape in a tree.  
The results were most horrid, all ass and no forehead,  
Six tits and a purple goatee.

~~Edited~~ text from Elise Bennet,  
MSU, May 31, 1951.  
Sue Henderson, Jackson, Michigan,  
collector

There once was a man from the Niger,  
Who had an affair with a tiger.  
The results of his sin, was triplets not twins,  
Three gnats and a circumcised spider.

There once was a lady named Flirtie  
Who was raped at sea by a turtle.  
One day in a cab, she gave birth to a crab,  
Proving the turtle was fertile.

A team playing baseball in Dallas  
Called the umpire blind out of malice.  
While this worthy had fits, the team made eight hits  
And a girl in the bleachers named Alice.

God's plan made a hopeful beginning,  
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.  
We trust that the story will end in God's glory,  
But at present, the other side's winning.

From the text in Playboy, September  
1963.